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Notice.

THE "Musical World" is now published on SATURDAYS. Subscribers are respectfully reminded that a year's subscription, paid in advance, alone entitles them to a Ticket for the Concert in June. No musical entertainment, unless of essential importance to art, or of general and historical interest, can be noticed, if not advertised in our columns. No advertisements can be inserted in the current number after four o'clock on Thursdays.

Next week will be published and presented to our Subscribers, an original MARCH AND TRIO, for the Piano-forte, composed expressly for the "Musical World," by Mr. MOSCHELES.

The same number will contain a new translation of Burger's *Leonora*, written expressly for the "Musical World," by Mr. ALBERT SMITH.

Don Quixote and the Morning Chronicle.

As the musical critic of the *Morning Chronicle*, a journal of so great influence, has gone out of his way to depreciate a meritorious and successful English opera, he will not be offended that we take up the gauntlet in defence of our countryman and his work. A careful perusal of the *critique*, shows us the incapability of the writer to form any judgment whatever on a musical subject. We find a lavish display of Spanish lore—*apropos* of garlic, onions, *olla podridas*, and old saws—and a lavish display of ignorance on matters of special art. As we are in a mood to be serious, we shall restrain the merriment which the history of some forgotten productions of forgotten men would inspire at another moment, and proceed at once to exemplify the musical ignorance of which we complain. The writer begins to "record, with pleasure, the success of another native composer," and straightway proceeds to under-rate and abuse his opera. "The general feeling," says our critic, "seemed to be that it is a highly creditable work, but not an inspiration of genius." The "general feeling" was no such thing. It is impossible to produce a fine dramatic work without genius—and the "general feeling" pronounced *Don Quixote* a fine dramatic work. But we shall find that the critic of the *Morning Chronicle* labors hard to eat his own words, and to prove what he sets out by terming a "success," and a "highly creditable work," the precise contrary of both.

We shall pass over, for the present, the misplaced learning—borrowed from Professor Taylor's Gresham Lectures—

about Purcell and Tom D'Urfey, Betterton and Doggett, Bowen and Bowman, Courteville and Akeroyd, Voltaire and Fielding, Mendelssohn and Dibdin, Colman and Grimaldi, Calkin and Budd, &c. We shall pass it over, because it has nothing to do with the matter in hand, and because, with two or three exceptions, the celebrities therein apostrophised are utterly forgotten. There is nothing easier than this sort of criticism, and nothing more out of place. Any body that can read may go to the British Museum, or to an old book stall, and copy out the first page of the first volume he may lay hands upon—and this is all that our critic has effected for the especial advantage of the *Morning Chronicle*; which ought to be very much obliged to him for having occasionally altered the original text into the worst conceivable English—such as "an age *where*," instead of "an age *when*," &c. To commence with the overture:—

"The overture is in *A three sharps*, commencing with an *allegro vivace*, not particularly original, but is" (admire the phraseological construction) "compensated by a *cantabile*, which is a pleasing bit of melody, beautifully instrumented. This overture is wound up with a *piu mosso* movement, which is a counterpart of the opening. We did not perceive that the subject of this overture formed any portion of the subsequent themes in the opera. It was a vigorous introduction, leaving but little impression beyond the consideration that the writer was learned in contrapuntal resources."

Of the key, *A three sharps*, we never heard before. The writer cannot mean simply *A*—since that key having always three sharps, it is unnecessary to particularize its signature. One would imagine him to imply some particular key of *A*, differing from the common one, by the peculiarity of possessing three sharps—but, as there is only *one* key of *A*, this cannot be his meaning. Perhaps the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle* can explain. "Compensated by a *Cantabile*" is an odd phrase, to say the least of it. The "*Piu Mosso*," to which the critic alludes, is not a separate movement as his words would indicate—nor is it a "counterpart" of the opening, since there is not a note in common. The not perceiving that the subject is afterwards used, is simply a want of perception—since "the subject" (by which we presume the first subject is meant) is used in a duet in the first scene;—and another subject which the critic has overlooked, reoccurs in a romance in the last scene, so that our critic is altogether in error about the overture. In the next fifteen lines, we are made acquainted with the Spanish words, *capa*, *manchego*, *espanolismo*, and *montera*. As we are not learned in the Spanish tongue, we rely on the writer for their being real Spanish. Perhaps the fifteen lines in question—which have nothing to do with the opera of *Don Quixote*—were expressly written to introduce them. "But alas!" proceeds the critic, "where is *Rozinante*? where is *Dapple*?" The first query would be difficult to answer—but to the last we can readily respond—"Critic, thy-

self art Dapple, or a near kinsman." "Batty," says he, "would have supplied the animals from his circus—ten to one they would have proved far better actors than Weiss or Stretton." We were not aware that Rozinante and Dapple had been so long-lived as to be now living, or that the Knight of La Mancha had appointed Mr. Batty his heir. But surely the allusion to Mr. Weiss and Mr. Stretton—both artists of talent, and both anxiously striving to do their best for the opera—is somewhat too personal and vulgar for the columns of a well-conducted and influential organ of the press. But what follows is even more coarse:—

"And yet Weiss promised well—he is tall and lanky *au naturel*" (*au naturel*!!) "and Stretton is short and *pudgy*; but what are artists if they have not brains?"

And what are critics in the same predicament? "*Pudgy*" is an elegant word, and will add to the reputation of the *Morning Chronicle*. What follows requires some explanation:—"Sancho Panza is the stupid Solon!" The point of admiration is the critic's—but what does he intend to convey? "What a *solecism* of not only La Mancha, but of Spain." Here there is no point of admiration, though it surely merits one, the phrase being as unintelligible as the other. "He likes his belly and his *bota*." It is really too bad to cram all these Spanish words into an English newspaper. If the writer be not the only reader of his article, it is pretty sure he is the only one who understands it. The following advice, however, to Messrs. Weiss and Stretton is kindly offered, and we recommend them by all means to follow it—that is to say if they can (which we cannot) comprehend it.

"Oh!—Weiss and Stretton—pray procure some *Valdepenas* (!) and swallow this luscious wine after a real *olla*; you must be redolent of *ajo y cebollas*" (mind that—Weiss and Stretton!)—"garlic and onions" (but not if you are going to act with Miss Rainforth—she will not like it)—"you must add plenty of *pimentas*" (mind that!) "before you can give us the Spanish *plat*, the real *olla en grande*, rich as collegians and canons eat."

It is clear that Messrs. Weiss and Stretton need only adopt the counsel here given, to become great artists—it is not likely, then, that they will neglect it. But at length, after a detailed account of the plot, in which we are told that Don Quixote "storms a ladder," we come to something about the music—that is, about the subject designated by the heading of the article. "*The seguidilla*," says our critic, "is a solemn strain, with a most lugubrious *refrain*." The *seguidilla* is no such thing—it is a cheerful air, with or without *refrain*, as the case may be. The critic is thinking of a *saraband*. "A very pretty chorus, in *E sharp*, is Mr. Macfarren's *seguidilla*." There is no such key known as *E sharp*. "The air, 'Maid of Toboso,' in *G sharp*, is a dreary inflection." If the air were in *G sharp*, a very unusual key, it probably might have proved a dreary inflection—but it happens to be in simple *G*, and is quite the contrary to "dreary," whatever may be its intrinsic merits. "Allen's song, 'Alas! a thousand secret woes,' is a bad imitation of the celebrated song of 'Had I been by fate decreed,'—it was a dead failure, and the sweet voices of the dissentients were palpable." The celebrated song, "Had I been by fate decreed," we never heard of before. The latter part of the paragraph is a direct falsehood. The song in question is an exquisite melody, to which only the ears of a "Dapple" could possibly be impervious. It was greatly applauded, and there were no dissentient voices. Ignorance alone is bad enough, but allied to falsehood, it is deplorable.

"We remarked that the cymbals, brass band, and drums, were as hard

worked in this *finale*, as if an Italian had been scoring;—let us hear no more, then, of diatribes against the noisiness of Verdi from our English writers."

We remarked no such thing—because no such thing was remarkable. Moreover, the noise attempted by such composers as Verdi, and the noise effected (when intended) by composers who know how to handle the orchestra, are two essentially different matters. The one is mere noise without body—the other is the fullest development of orchestral means, used appropriately and with discretion. If our critic does not perceive the distinction, we are sorry for him.

Of the introduction to the second act, the *Morning Chronicle* critic remarks, that "it was *apropos des bottles*." The *entr'acte* of Mr. Macfarren is a kind of second overture, preparing the mind for the chief sentiment of what is to follow, and it appropriately involves the romance of Basilius—the situation which it embodies being the grand point of the opera. The *entr'acte* has been sanctioned by Weber, Spohr, Auber, and other great dramatic composers. So that the *apropos des bottles* is here out of place, and may be more fitly applied to the remark of our critic—and indeed, to the entire article, which is decidedly more *apropos des bottles* than *apropos de l'opera*. Of the first song of Basilius in the second act, our critic thus writes:—

"The song of Allen, 'Life is an April day,' in *A sharp*, though it opens well, is insufficiently carried out."

The key of "*A sharp*" is another of the very sharp keys of this exceedingly sharp critic, that are utterly unknown to musical composers. The key of Mr. Macfarren's song is *D*. It is very amusing to read the strictures of such persons as this critic upon matters of which they are thoroughly ignorant. The key of *A sharp* would have *ten sharps*. It is never used—is totally unnecessary—and exists only in the muddled brain of the word-splutterer whose analysis we are analyzing. Again, in respect to Sancho's song in the last *finale*, this critic—who has succeeded to the position in the *Morning Chronicle*, formerly held with such distinction by an accomplished and popular musical historian (Mr. Hogarth)—thus advertises his unmatched ignorance:—

"We will say little of Sancho's song, 'No longer pipe, no longer dance,' in *F flat*, nine-eight time—a song devoid of all merit both in music and words."

That little, however, is enough to show the proprietors of the *Morning Chronicle* how utterly incompetent a person they have engaged as their musical critic, in place of the much-lamented-by-the-readers-of-the-*Chronicle* Mr. Hogarth. The key of "*F flat*" would have *eight flats*, and is, we need hardly say, never used by composers. In summing up—after a fashion that will be remembered by the readers of the *Morning Post*, when it writhed under the infliction of Jenkins—our critic elegantly remarks of Mr. Macfarren's music, that "it is neither comic nor serious—it is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, &c." The reverse may be applied to the lucubrations of our critic. Their *gravity* is extremely comic—their attempts at humour are awfully serious—and to "sum up" (with a pun, good enough for such a subject) their general character is neither fish nor flesh, but uncommonly *fowl* (fowl).

But the opera of *Don Quixote* can suffer nothing by the abuse of a musical critic who does not know his notes—it would rather "gain a loss" by winning his approval. The entire press, and the most distinguished authorities in the musical world of London, have pronounced Mr. Macfarren's opera, not only the work of a great musician, but an inspiration of decided genius. The opinions of the admirable critic of

the *Atlas*, so justly celebrated as a journal of art, shiver into atoms the impotent malice of the Cerberus of the *Britannia*, the *Illustrated News*, and (alas! to speak it) the *Morning Chronicle*. Our readers can refer to them in the following article, which is a continuation of that which we reprinted in our last week's number.

DON QUIXOTE.—(From the *Atlas*.)—In our last week's notice of Mr. Macfarren's *Don Quixote*, we felt the necessity of using language of a character so unflinchingly eulogistic as to require some formal justification. The opera came forth with but little of that parade which usually prefigures the advent of such things at Drury-lane Theatre. Mr. Macfarren had no continental reputation wherewithal to tickle the susceptibilities of small criticism; however dearly prized by his brother artists, he was but faintly known to popular renown. He might be spoken of in the refined circles of dilettantism as a "promising" composer who had written sundry good, stiff symphonies, rather hard to digest—and, by the way, considerably hard to excel—but, as the phrase goes, he "was not before the public;" in other words he had not produced a "grand" opera, whereof the ballads were the rage of drawing-rooms and barrel-organs. Nevertheless out came the *Don Quixote*; and, despite all the above disadvantageous circumstances, we could find no refuge from the necessity of speaking of it in terms that might seem fitting only to works of established continental repute—terms, indeed, which have unhappily grown somewhat rusty with us for want of use since Mr. Barnett's departure from the field. We characterized it as an extraordinary work—as separated by long intervals of musicianship from the host of its popular precursors—as a highly successful effort, in defence of music at once dramatic and enduring, in opposition to that which is merely theatrical and ephemeral. It is now our pleasing duty to prove the case so stated; and this we undertake the more cheerfully that a second hearing of the work has even enlarged our first estimate of its merits.

To begin then—the overture—that once so important, now so degraded feature of an opera—starts with a most striking distinction in its favour—it really is what is technically termed a "movement." After some years' experience of the strange, slovenly, pantomimic hotch-potch which usually prefaces an opera, we find it difficult to be sufficiently grateful to a composer who is willing to forego the certainty of applause for some dainty solo on the clarinet or cornet a pistons, and courageously risks the effect of a piece that must be judged as much for its symmetry of form as its elegance of material. This Mr. Macfarren has done, and most successfully. His overture in the key of A major, is a rapid *allegro* in common-time; and the movement thus pronounced is never broken or interrupted, save by an increase of speed in the *coda*. This integrity of outline, however, is not preserved by any abandonment of that anticipation of the substance of the opera which custom seems to demand. On the contrary—the overture is almost wholly compounded of portions of the opera; but the foresight and intelligence of the master are shown in selecting, not mere prettinesses for their own sake, but such themes as in their nature afford the best facilities for agglutination and shaping to a consistent whole. This was Weber's great secret—his imitators have caught at the shadow, but missed the substance, and thus wrought patch-work. The *Don Quixote* overture, then, opens with a dashing *fortissimo*, which we subsequently recognise in the *allegro* of the duet for Qui-

teria and *Basilus* in the first act. After proceeding for awhile with infinite spirit, a magnificent and unexpected burst in C major—followed, as unexpectedly, by a dominant seventh on F sharp—and a half cadence on B, introduces the *cantabile*, or second subject, in E minor, which is the beautiful "Willow" song of the second act, altered from 6-8 to common-time, and assigned to the lovely wailing tones of the violoncellos; and this, in turn, gives place to a charming stream of melody in E major, for the violins, which, with accessions of orchestral colouring, and the addition of sundry brilliant passages closes the first part. The second part is a fine specimen of free and excursive modulation, combined with masterly handling, and is very remarkable for the strikingly beautiful, yet natural, manner in which the plaintive *cantabile* appears in company with snatches of the brilliant opening *motivo*; and from hence, without any effect of either hurry or diffuseness, we are led to a recurrence of the first *fortissimo*, cleverly shortened, and followed by repetitions of the previous themes in A minor and A major, and a brilliant *coda*, containing snatches of *Quiteria's* final aria, which concludes the overture. We do not hesitate to say that we have heard *finer* overtures from Mr. Macfarren's pen; yet as a composition necessarily confined within theatrical limits of duration, it cannot be deemed otherwise than as a highly masterly effort;—let it be tried by that severest of tests—the performance of its pianoforte version, and thus, of course, cut off from all the extraneous assistance of orchestral effect—and its immeasurable superiority in every species of musical interest to every thing our operas have hitherto yielded will be at once apparent.

Were we to advance no further than the opening scene of the opera, we might find abundant justification of all we have said in its praise. We remark, generally, of this piece—which includes *Camacho's* serenade to *Quiteria*, and the entrance of *Sancho* and, afterwards, of *Don Quixote*—that its dramatic truth is of the highest and closest texture: commencing with the utmost simplicity, the music gathers force with the advance of events—its interest is cumulative—its style enlarges as the more important personages of the drama are successively presented. First we have a reposeful, moonlight sort of orchestral prologue, and the opening recitative of *Camacho*, next the serenade of himself and companions to *Quiteria*—an elegantly phrased melody, most effectively voiced and quietly instrumented for clarinets, horns, bassoons, and violins *pizzicato*, broken into by charming conversational fragments for the betrothed pair—which, while sufficiently replete with contrasted expression to explain the fruitlessness of *Camacho's* wooing, never distort the form of the whole—and resumed by the chorus. The sudden appearance of *Sancho*, and his quarrel with the serenaders, at once change the musical aspect of the scene. The orchestra gathers importance; a new figure, full of bustle and excitement, and treated with a vigour and facility thoroughly Mozart-like, now appears; and a finely managed *crescendo* accompanies the heightening vehemence of the dispute, until at length the outbreak of a new key with a magnificent 6-4 delivered by the whole force of the orchestra, announces the arrival of the *Don* himself. Here, again, the music strides on in close companionship with the growing importance of the scene. *Don Quixote* asserts his knightly mission in a declamatory aria, stately and majestic as befits him, with a *large* and energetic form of accompaniment, in which perfect mastery enables the composer happily to steer between grandeur and bombast. The piece is admirably wound up by the entrance of *Rovedos*, who restores order by inviting the disputants to partake of his hospitality.

In the works of those who, for want of a better term, we must call "the great masters," we know, of course, many things of equal dramatic force with this opening scene of *Don Quixote*; but there is certainly nothing in any *modern* opera which, tested in every direction, is at all comparable to it. The *musical* entrance of the knightly hero, indeed, is one of the most wonderful conceptions we remember from any hand. Some critics, we believe, object, that all this is *too* Mozart-like. We confess an inability to discover the point of the accusation. If a charge of *plagiarism* be intended, we could at once meet it by a denial of the fact;—we readily admit the presence of Mozart's *manner*, and are much at a loss to imagine a better. At any rate, Mr. Macfarren appears to be in the posture—whether reprobatory or otherwise—of having written so like Mozart without purloining a fragment of his material, that we doubt if there be half-a-dozen men in existence who could bear him company. We have next to notice the *Sequidilla*, for the male principals and chorus—"The rights of hospitality;"—it is one of those free, tuneful, captivating trifles—achieving at once variety and completeness of form within the compass of a few bars—which only a practiced musician can write. Let not, by the way, any one who is tickled by its airiness and apparent un-effort, omit to notice how the artist-hand peeps out in its final symphony, wherein the semi-quaver *twirls*, which impart the Spanish savour to its melody, are so deliciously bandied about the orchestra in always waning strength, as the singers retire for their wedding-eve's carouse. The only *song* in the first act is that given to *Basilus*, "Sweet were those hours of infancy." It is, to be sure, merely a ballad, but this, just such an one as every body would have it. Musicians *must* like it for its perfect finish; while its natural and elegant melody finds nightly increasing favour with the public, who *encore* it vociferously. Such exquisite singing as Mr. Allen bestows on this little gem would, indeed, make almost anything popular; but in this case composer and singer go hand in hand, and deservedly divide the honours. The *duettino* for *Basilus* and *Quiteria*—"Canst thou forego thy plenteous home,"—is undoubtedly the weakest thing in the opera. The first movement has an unaccountable effect of tameness and insipidity, and the *allegro*, though brilliant and spirited to the utmost when heard in the overture, is not sufficiently vocal to *tell* with the best exertions of the singers. The *finale* to the first act is another masterly display of the composer's dramatic power. The opening movement in B flat—again thoroughly in the Mozartean vein—is full of mystery and stealth, beautifully carried on, and dramatically true to the back-bone. *Basilus* brings a ladder to effect *Quiteria's* escape.—*Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, keeping watch against dragons and other enchantments of a like kind, alarmed by the noise, hold a council of war in the dark, and *Quiteria* communes with her lover from the balcony. The quiet, however, is of short duration, for *Sancho's* lantern coming too near *Basilus's* ladder, suffers extinction. Here the *Don's* surprise and *Sancho's* abject terror are wonderfully depicted by the music, which breaks out from voice and orchestra in the plenitude of Mozart's manner, and moreover—we may as well write what we honestly think—in close emulation of his power. After a beautiful working-up of the *ensemble*, during which *Don Quixote* achieves a victory over the ladder, we have the air, "Maid of Toboso"—the knight's votive hymn of triumph—one of those clever compositions in which, as throughout the work, the person of *Quixote* is individualised in the grandiose and antique character of his music. Next comes the romance—"Alas! a thousand secret

woes," in which *Basilus*, personating an "enchanted damsel," lures the knight into a snare—*i. e.*, being tied up to the balcony. This, as a small matter, is one of the gems of the opera;—it is a little piece of quaint loveliness in A flat minor, so deliciously Spanish all over that it might have walked bodily out of any national collection in any museum in Madrid. The knight's capture, however, is the signal for general uproar. A fine burst from the full strength of the orchestra announces the entrance of *Rovedos* and his household; the lovers are arrested, and the act terminates in a scene of confusion which the music attends in fullest faithfulness, interpreting and heightening the action at every stage of its progress. The whole of this long *finale* is wonderfully sustained—the interest never halts, the coherence of its parts is never threatened for a moment. Once or twice, as in the case of *Sancho's* terror, and the entrance of *Rovedos*—we are reminded of similar means used for similar ends in Mozart's *Don Juan*. But the resemblance is wholly emulative—certainly not plagiaristic; and to all cavaliers on such slender ground, we would simply recommend the attempt to *do better*. But in noticing a work which we have destined to exercise so marked an influence on English dramatic music, we neither can nor will be unduly hurried. The interest of *Don Quixote* will, we are convinced, grow on public liking; and, in that belief, we shall resume our notice next week.

The New Critic of the Morning Chronicle.

[From a Correspondent.]

We must congratulate the proprietors of the *Morning Chronicle* on their recent acquisition of a musical critic of the first water. It was for many years a complaint that the articles on music in that journal were written by a person who understood the subject. Their moderate and gentlemanly tone was also against them. It is plain that to be unprejudiced, a critic should have no previous information. Thus protected from bias, his observations are sure to be fair. The late critic had an unhappy amount of learning, which led him into preference for the good. Not so his successor. He enters a concert room with a delicious ignorance of everything—remains with a beautiful comprehension of nothing that is going on—and departs with an equal quantity of regard for good, bad, and indifferent, not knowing one from another, and consequently unswayed by party feeling for any. Having, thus luckily, no rule of art to guide him, the tone of his criticisms is regulated by those personal affections and disaffections which are the birthright of every Englishman. And the journal, for which he may be writing, enjoys the advantage of partaking the likes and dislikes of its critic, which involves an intimacy very uncommon between the literary employer and employed. That ever lamented newspaper, *The Great Gun*, which died of the too tender fostering of its editor, M. G———n, enjoyed this advantage to a very great extent. The tender fostering of its editor induced an apoplexy, from the surfeit of good things he put into it. Poor *Great Gun*!—killed with over-much kindness! The editor of the defunct *Great Gun* is now the musical critic of the *Morning Chronicle*. Lucky *Morning Chronicle*!—Only mind you are not choked like the *Great Gun*, with a surfeit of good things! The *Illustrated London News* has got hold of the same critic, for its musical notices, which are written with a very impartial and glorious display of ignorance. The *Britannia*, ditto ditto—and eke

the *Morning Chronicle*, as we have already indicated. The recent notices in the columns of the last-named paper have attracted considerable attention, by their antipathetic tendency to those of the late reviewer, who now, in the *Daily News*, (misled by his acquaintance with the subject, historically and critically) is constantly advancing opinions in direct opposition to those of his successor in the *Chronicle*. No two critics more entirely disagree than the late and the present musical representatives of that journal. We need only cite two instances—Macfarren's opera of *Don Quixote*, and the *Sonata Symphonique* of M. Moscheles—on the merits of which the reviewers of the *Morning Chronicle*, and *Daily News*, are wholly at variance, the former being as loud in condemnation, as the latter is in praise of both. In felicitating the *Morning Chronicle* on its new position, we merely take leave to point out, for the attention of the proprietors, the two articles in the *Morning Chronicle*, on *Don Quixote*. Both conceived in an impartially ignorant vein, and both the offspring of an unprejudiced personal hostility (which, who reads them, will at once perceive), they directly contradict each other in about a dozen places—which produces a healthy variety of influence that may, without hyperbole, be termed original. Lord Bacon's maxim, recommending the interchange of contraries, is here applied to opinion, with perhaps less effect than physicians apply it to the health of the body. On the whole, the *Morning Chronicle* is in a fair way of losing its reputation as a musical paper, altogether—which doubtless was the object of the proprietors in engaging the present critic. They could not well have pitched upon one more entirely innocent of every thing that relates to the art of music. M. B.

Chevalier Gluck.

A RECOLLECTION OF THE YEAR 1809.

(From the German of Hoffmann.)

(CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.)

"The tie is loosened," I exclaimed, "come along," and I seized my wonderling (sonderling) of the gardens, for it was him, fast by the arm and dragged him on with me. He appeared surprised, and followed me in silence. We were already in the Frederick-street, when he stopped me suddenly.

"I know you," he said; "we were in the gardens—we talked a good deal—I had drank some wine—was heated—for two days afterwards *euphony* resounded. I have suffered much, but it has passed."

"I am rejoiced that chance has brought you to me again. Let us be closer acquainted. I live close by—what do you say?"

"I can and will not go to any one's."

"You shall not escape me—I go with you."

"Then you must come two or three hundred steps with me. But you were going to the theatre."

"I wished to hear Armida, but now—"

"You shall now hear Armida. Come along!"

We went up the Frederick-street in silence; he turned sharply down a narrow street, and I could scarcely follow him, he ran so quickly, till he stopped before a house of rather mean appearance. He knocked for some little time, before any one opened. Creeping in the dark, we reached the staircase and a room on the top story, the door of which my guide carefully closed. I heard him open another door; and he soon entered with a lighted candle; and the sight of the singularly-furnished room surprised me not a little: chairs richly decorated in the antique, a clock with a gilt case, and a broad heavy mirror, gave to the whole the sombre appearance of superannuated splendour. In the middle of the room stood a small harpsichord, in which was a large porcelain inkstand, and underneath a few quires of music-paper. A closer inspection of these materials for composition, however, convinced me that nothing had been written for a long time; for the paper was yellow with dust, and a large cobweb was on the inkstand. The man went to a closet in the corner of the room, which I had not before remarked; and when he

drew away the curtain, I observed a row of elegantly-bound books, with gilt titles—Orfeo, Armida, Alceste, Iphigenia, &c.; in short, I saw Gluck's Master-works together.

"Do you possess Gluck's entire works," I asked.

He did not answer, but his mouth was distorted by a convulsive smile, and the muscles of his fallen cheek disfigured his face into a frightful mask. Looking fixedly and sullenly at me, he took down one of the books—it was Armida,—and marched ceremoniously to the harpsichord. I opened it quickly, and raised the music-stand. With this he appeared pleased. I opened the book; and who can depict my astonishment—I observed ruled paper, but not one note of music written on it. He began:—"Now I will play the overture. Turn over the leaves for me, and mind at the right place." This I promised. And now he played in masterly and splendid manner, and with full chords, the majestic Tempo di Marcia, with which the overture begins, almost true to the original; but the allegro was only interspersed with Gluck's principal ideas. He introduced so many ingenious variations, that my astonishment increased as he continued. His modulations especially were striking, without being piercing, and he entwined with the simple ideas so many melodious graces, that they appeared to return always in a newer and younger form. His face glowed; then his eyebrows contracted, and a long-retained rage appeared now to break out in violence; and then his eyes swam in tears of deep melancholy. At times, whilst both hands were at work in gracious and artistical intricacies, he sang the thema with an agreeable tenor voice; then he could, in a most extraordinary manner, imitate with his voice the tone of the cymbal. I turned the leaves over whilst I followed his eye. The overture was finished, and he fell back exhausted, and with his eyes closed, into the arm-chair. But he soon collected himself, and, rising, opened hastily a few empty leaves of the book, and said in an indistinct voice—

"All this, sir, I wrote when I came out from the kingdom of Dreams; but I betrayed the holy to the unholy, and an ice-cold hand seized my glowing heart!—But it did not break. Then was I condemned to wander among the unholy, like a departed spirit without form, so that no one should know me, until the sun-flower shall rise again for ever. Ah! now let us sing Armida's Scene."

Then he sung the concluding scena of Arunda with an expression that pierced my inward soul. Here also he varied considerably from the original, but his altered music was the scene of Gluck, as it were, with a greater power. All that hatred, love, despair, and madness can express in the strongest traits, he rendered most powerfully by music. His voice appeared that of a youth, for from deep softness it swelled into a piercing strength. Every nerve, every fibre of my body trembled. I was beyond myself. When he had finished, I threw myself in his arms, and cried with a troubled voice:—"How is this? Who are you?"

He stood up, and measured me with an earnest, penetrating eye. I was just going to ask him again, when he disappeared through the door with the light, and left me in the dark. A quarter of an hour had almost passed; I despaired of seeing him again, and, guided by the position of the harpsichord, I was attempting to find the door, when he suddenly reappeared with the light in his hand, and dressed in an embroidered gala-coat, rich waistcoat, and a sword at his side. I stared; he came ceremoniously towards me, seized me softly by the hand, and said, smiling: "I am the Chevalier Gluck."

Foreign Intelligence.

MILAN.—The opera is going on very badly here. The *Scala* was lately closed for a week, in consequence of the unfavourable state of affairs. Adele Dumilatre has left Milan, disgusted, no doubt, at the Milanese want of appreciation. A new *danseuse*, who made her debut last week, met with a serious accident at the moment of her *entrée*, so as to disable her from performing during the evening. The civilized audience of *La Scala* expressed their disapprobation by loud sibilations, and other indicative noises!

PARIS, Feb. 18.—(From our own Correspondent.)—The third concert of the *Conservatoire* opened with the first two movements of Spohr's symphony, in F minor, the *Wiehe der Tone*. With all its faults, we doubt if our own Philharmonic would degrade itself by performing fragments from the greatest work of so great a master as Spohr. But the French are a

long way behind us in the knowledge and appreciation of classical music. They know little of Mendelssohn, and less of Spohr. It will hardly be credited by you, that this was the debut of Spohr's name as a symphonist at the concerts of the *Conservatoire*—and yet they have given symphonies by Schwenke! The *Wiehe der Töne* was much better appreciated by the audience than by the artists and critics, who find all kinds of stupid objections against it, as they did with the A minor symphony of Mendelssohn. The "Cradle song," an *Andantino* in B flat, was encored. The *serenade*, in G minor, was charmingly played by Franchomme on the violoncello. An *Ave Verum* and a *Sancti Justi*, (a fugued chorus of Mozart,) and the chorus of prisoners from *Fidelio*, were among the vocal parts of the concert. M. Blaes, well known in England, performed a *concertino* on the clarinet, composed by his compatriot, Ch. L. Hanssens, of Brussels. Both the playing and the composition were first rate, and their reception was highly flattering. The concert terminated with Beethoven's symphony in A, No. 7—to hear which from the orchestra of the *Conservatoire* is one of the most exciting things imaginable. Frederic Soulié, author of the *Memoires du Diable*, gave a musical *soirée* at his rooms last week, which was attended by most of the notabilities of Paris. Nothing could have been in better style than the whole entertainment. Roger, the tenor at the *Opera Comique*, gave a concert on Sunday night. The new opera of Halévy, *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, is perfectly successful, and is likely to become the vogue. I have heard it twice since I last wrote, but find no reason to modify the unfavourable opinion I have already expressed of the music. At a *soirée* given by Mad. Duchassaing, your friend Blaes and his amiable *sposa*, Mad. Blaes Meerti, made a very great sensation. The critics proclaim Blaes *la premiere clarinette du monde*, and are loud in their praises of Madame's singing. He has received an invitation to play at the court. At Barroilhet's benefit, the sum of 18,000 francs was realised by the popular baritone—£720. Mdle. Rachel assisted on the occasion in *Virginie*. Ole Bull has left Paris for Amsterdam, but will return in a few days. The charming Carlotta Grisi, who met with a slight accident a short time since from running her foot against a nail, has entirely recovered, and will renew her duties at the *Academie* without delay. Grisi's engagement at the *Opera* has another year to run, in consequence of which M. Vatel has renewed that of Mario for twelve months. M. Goldschmidt, the new pianist, gives his concert to-day; you shall hear all about it in my next.

VIENNA.—Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia* will be given here next month at the Imperial Theatre. The Emperor of Austria has invited Meyerbeer to superintend its getting up.

LEIPSIK.—A symphony by Rosenhain, the pianist, has been produced at the *Gewand-haus* concerts, under Mendelssohn's direction. It has created a favorable sensation.

MILAN.—Made. Eugenie Garcia has obtained great success at the *Scala*.

Provincial.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The annual meeting of the Amateur Musical Society, was held at the Assembly Rooms, Wolverhampton, on Monday the 26th ult., for the purpose of electing the officers and committee for the ensuing year, and to take into consideration the propriety of holding the future concerts at the Theatre instead of at the Assembly Rooms.—The chair was taken at one o'clock by Lord Wrottesley, the noble president, to whom the society is under great obligations, not only for the

impetus which he has imparted to its prosperity by lending it his name and influence, but for the encouragement which he has given to the concerts by his personal attendance whenever he has happened to be in the neighbourhood, as well as for the great courtesy which he has shown, upon this and other occasions, to the original promoters and friends of the society.—Lord Wrottesley, on taking the chair, observed, that before proceeding to the business of the day he was glad to avail himself of that opportunity of stating how much he felt gratified on being called upon to preside over a society from which he felt satisfied that town would derive very great benefit, if its exertions continued as successful as they had hitherto been,—(applause,)—as he felt assured it would promote the innocent amusement and gratification of all its inhabitants. (Hear, hear.) Amongst the many gratifying circumstances of the present time which marked the growth of intelligence and civilization, there were few which afforded him greater pleasure than the rapid strides which music was making amongst all classes of the community. (Applause.) And this was not to be wondered at when they considered what a charming pursuit music was—what a delightful relaxation after toil. Whilst it delighted and amused, it also allayed angry passions, and soothed and civilized the human mind. (Applause.) This might be accounted for in many respects. He thought that the Hullah system of singing had done a great deal to promote a taste for music, although he was certainly of opinion that it was not calculated to make an accomplished singer; for how could excellence be obtained without good instruction and great experience? but the system possessed this advantage—it enabled those who practised that style of singing, at least to appreciate what they heard. Choral societies had also, in this respect, been a great advantage to the community, and undoubtedly such a society as that which they were met to promote was greatly instrumental in promoting a musical taste, for how delightful it was, instead of playing alone, to play in concert with others. (Hear, hear.) He would not detain the meeting with further observations, but would merely add that there was a very important matter for their consideration, with respect to the removal of the concerts from the Assembly Rooms to the Theatre; and although there might be a difference of opinion upon this subject, yet he was sure that all their proceedings would be characterised with that harmony which they professed to promote. (Hear, hear, and applause.)—Mr. Theodore Steward, the honorary secretary and treasurer of the society, then read the report of the committee, together with an abstract of the accounts. The report expressed the gratification afforded by the prosperity which continued to attend the society as evidenced by the overflowing audiences at each concert; and in allusion to the original formation of the society, adverted to the fact, (which was no ordinary occurrence,) that in the short space of two months after its establishment, upwards of three hundred subscribers had been enrolled. In the formation of the programmes it had been the chief aim of the committee to select those pieces which would not only please the less initiated, but the more erudite musician, and also gradually create a healthier tone in musical taste and judgment. The committee referred with considerable satisfaction to the signal success which had marked the introduction of selections from Beethoven, Mozart, Corelli, Krommer, Hummel, Reissiger, Weber, Molique, Donata, Wilbye, Morley, Bishop, &c., and flattered themselves that the desire of listening to such compositions was rapidly increasing. They felt great pleasure in announcing the gift to the society of one of Beethoven's superb symphonies by Mr. Day, their respected orchestral manager; and they took the opportunity of intimating the general good which would result from similar donations, as the society would thereby ultimately obtain a permanent and valuable library. In conclusion, the committee recommended that the concerts for the ensuing season would be held in the Theatre, as such an arrangement would enable the various classes in the town to participate in that species of intellectual enjoyment which had hitherto, from the smallness of the Assembly Rooms, been limited to a few. The committee also suggested that the number of concerts should be limited to four, as the time between each of so large a number as six must necessarily be exceedingly short, and prevent that perfection in the rendering of each piece which would naturally result from a greater amount of practice. Another consideration was, that the labour consequent upon so many concerts was such, that the committee would be compelled, were they continued, to engage paid servants, instead of honorary and more preferable officers. The abstract of the accounts shewed that the receipts amounted to £181. 2s., and the disbursements to £186. 14s. 4d., leaving a balance due from the society of £5. 12s. 4d.—The report and abstract of accounts having been received and adopted, a series of votes of thanks to the officers and committee were carried by acclamation.—Mr. Steward, chairman of the committee, acknowledged the vote of thanks to that body. He was happy to say that this society now occupied a distinguished position amongst the other similar societies which had been established throughout the kingdom. Of all those so-

cieties he did not know one which had excited more attention, especially in the public journals, than the Wolverhampton Amateur Musical Society. (Applause.) He did not wish to arrogate to himself any credit for the position which this society had attained; but he wished to say, on behalf of the committee, that their best efforts had been directed towards promoting its true interests and carrying out the object for which it was established—the diffusion of an improved musical taste amongst all classes in the town and neighbourhood of Wolverhampton. (Hear, hear.) He was sure that however assiduous and laborious the exertions of the committee might have been, they had been amply repaid by the distinguished success which had attended the past series of concerts, the necessary preparations for which they had anxiously considered, with the view of rendering those concerts not only agreeable but instructive. (Hear, hear.) With respect to music in general. There were many parties who had not had the opportunity of judging of truly legitimate music. Music, in the common acceptance of the term, was simply to please the uncultivated ear. The promoters of this society wished rather to go beyond this point; they wished to cultivate that ear which was accustomed only to simple music, and to render it capable of appreciating that which was truly legitimate and classical. (applause.) With the view of promoting this desirable object, the Committee had introduced a few features of novelty, which had not usually been adopted in similar societies. The Committee had thought it desirable, on the formation of a new society like this, to append, after each piece mentioned in the programme, a brief biographical sketch of the composer, or some other interesting particulars connected with the piece. It had been observed that this had induced many individuals to listen with attention to the quartette, and what was of more importance, to listen with attention and delight to the symphony. The symphony was considered by the greatest musical men to be the climax of musical compositions. In order that they might induce the friends of this society to listen with attention to the quartette and the symphony, he could not refrain from directing their attention to the importance which had been attached to this species of music by the greatest musical composers that ever lived. Mr. Steward here entered into an elaborate historical sketch of the quartette, displaying much musical research, and a thorough acquaintance with the subject. He observed, in the course of his remarks, that the quartette was originated in 1683, being introduced about the same period in Italy by Corelli, and in England by Henry Purcell; though he considered that Purcell had the greatest claim to be regarded as the inventor of it. Mr. Steward next remarked upon the quartettes of Haydn, Mozart, Krommer, Andrew and Bernard Romberg, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Onslow, and Beethoven; and observed that his object in dwelling so long upon this subject was, to direct the attention of the subscribers to a due appreciation of this class of music. He next entered into a similar statement with respect to the symphony, of which he spoke in the highest terms of admiration. After remarking upon the vocal portions of the concerts, particularly the glees, madrigals, and choruses, Mr. Steward observed that the society was much indebted to three professional gentlemen for their indefatigable exertions and gratuitous services—Mr. Henry Hayward, the leader of the band; Mr. George Hay, conductor of the vocal department; and Mr. Day, orchestral manager. The inhabitants of Wolverhampton might justly pride themselves on having such distinguished professional men amongst them to impart the legitimate laws of this delightful science to the rising generation; indeed, it might be said with strict propriety, that without their aid the Wolverhampton Amateur Musical Society could not have commanded such a high degree of importance, respect, and consideration. In this view he was borne out by the united testimonies diffused in the columns of the local journals, and those of their musical contemporaries throughout the kingdom. Mr. Hayward was decidedly the first English violinist of this or any other period. He (Mr. Steward) had had the happiness and enjoyment of playing quartettes with all the distinguished violinists who had visited this country during the last twenty-five years, and he did not think he could pass a greater compliment upon Mr. Hayward than by saying that he had never been, on any occasion, so much reminded of Paganini. At the last concert of this society, by the manner in which Mr. Hayward performed one of Gounod's compositions, written expressly for that great *maestro*. With respect to their excellent conductor, Mr. George Hay, he was kind enough, at the last concert, to play one of Herz's grand concertos for the piano; and this composition was rendered by that gentleman most excellently: it was, in fact, perfect. With respect to Mr. Day, his office was not quite so prominent, but he had been ever willing to render every exertion to the society; indeed, without his assistance on the contra-basso, he did not know what they should do. The thanks of the society were also due to the several vocalists for their valuable services. After some other remarks, Mr. Steward concluded by again returning thanks on behalf of the committee, and sat down amidst loud applause.—Mr. Henry Walker, after a few very appropriate

observations, moved that Lord Wrottesley and George Holyoake Esq., be requested to continue in the offices of president and vice-president of the society. (Applause.)—The noble President expressed the great pleasure he should feel in continuing in his office.—Mr. Tichborne then moved, that the future concerts of the society be held in the Theatre. He stated that there were already 315 subscribers, and that the Assembly-room would not accommodate more than 250 individuals: he therefore contended that they could not increase the number of subscribers if they continued to hold the concerts at the Assembly-rooms: but if they held them in the Theatre, they would obtain a large accession to the list. It had been suggested that the pit should be fitted up with stalls—that the stalls and the first tier of boxes should be opened to the subscribers at the present price; that the subscription for a seat in the upper tier of boxes should be 7s. 6d., and for the gallery 5s. Now it was perfectly well known that there were many respectable tradesmen and their families who would feel gratified in attending these concerts, but who were not disposed to go in full dress; and therefore he considered a large number would subscribe for seats in the second tier of boxes. He was sanguine enough to believe that they should obtain 300 subscribers to the gallery. If his calculations were correct, they would, by removing to the Theatre, secure an increase to their income of £300, which would enable the committee to engage female talent, and to render the concerts even more attractive than they had hitherto been. It would also enable the committee to give to each amateur performer a transferable ticket, which would be a sort of reward to the band, as it would be a gratification to them to have their wives and daughters amongst the audience. Mr. Tichborne entered into some further arguments in support of his proposition, and concluded by moving the resolution.—Mr. Henry Walker suggested that it was desirable, on several grounds, that this matter should be left to the consideration of the committee, and therefore moved, as an amendment, that the concerts be removed to the theatre, contingent upon the committee feeling themselves in a position to carry out that proposition.—Mr. W. Stuart seconded the amendment; and after some remarks in its support from the noble President, Mr. Tichborne withdrew his original motion, and the amendment was adopted.—Two or three other resolutions were moved and seconded.—Mr. W. Hay moved a vote of thanks to Lord Wrottesley for his kindness in taking the chair, and for the general interest which he had evinced in the proceedings of the society. This was seconded by Mr. Steward, who paid a very high compliment to his lordship by remarking, that their noble president was not only a distinguished amateur, but held a very high position in the scientific world. The vote of thanks having been carried with loud applause, the noble President expressed his acknowledgments, and again assured the meeting that he should feel great pleasure in continuing in the office of president for the ensuing year. The meeting then separated.—*Staffordshire Advertiser*.

RICHMOND.—On Tuesday Evening a Vocal Concert was given at the Richmond Institution by Miss Susan Hobbs, assisted by Miss H. E. Salmon, and the Messrs. Wrighton and Wetherbee. The audience appeared to be generally gratified. The selections were judicious; and, by an admixture of the Italian and British Schools, an agreeable variety was produced. In Bellini's "Qui la voce," and Wallace's "Scenes that are brightest," Miss S. Hobbs acquitted herself admirably. There is unusual animation in this young lady's style, based on great artistic acquirements. Miss H. E. Salmon, Mr. Wrighton, and Mr. Wetherbee, were deservedly encored in the Trio of "Turn on, Old Time," from *Maritana*, and the audience were very frequent in their demands for repetitions, which were invariably responded to by the artists. Mr. J. Etherington, as Conductor, presided at the Piano, and, with the occasional assistance of his sons, added much to the pleasure of the evening's entertainment. The room was fully and fashionably attended.

BATH.—Mr. Field's First Subscription Concert on Monday evening, went off with great *éclat*. The Misses Williams sang with sweetness, power, and pathos. Miss A. Williams possesses a rich soprano voice, of good compass, and, completely under the command of an educated taste. The most effective piece, perhaps, was Haydn's delightful air, "With verdure clad," an old favorite, but so pleasingly given that it had all the freshness and vitality of a first hearing. This lady shone also in singing the airs, &c., appropriated to her in the selection from *Judas Maccabaeus*, which formed the first portion of the programme. The rich *contralto* voice of Miss M. Williams, a vocalist of sterling reputation, was listened to with marked approbation. Handel's "Father of heaven," and Pergolesi's "Lord, have mercy upon me" were much admired. Mr. Machin and Mr. Hobbs are both of high standing in their profession. The programme was varied by quartets and duets, in which the leading singers took the several parts. The choruses were sung with effect. For this we are indebted to Mr. B. Taylor, who conducted with much tact—while Mr. Cooper led with his wonted precision. It would be a waste of words to

praise Mr. Field's performance on the organ; for every one knows that before that instrument he is quite "at home." But we cannot refrain from congratulating him on the success of this first concert of the series. That success, was, however, fully deserved; the band and chorus, so essential to a Concert properly so called numbered nearly one hundred performers, and all the arrangements were most liberal, and such as to increase the musical reputation of our city.—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*, February 18.

Dramatic Intelligence.

DRURY LANE.—Macfarren's *Don Quixote* has reached its ninth representation.—Crowded houses every night. The exquisite singing of Allen in this opera has become a town talk. Miss Rainforth is singing "Ah, why do we love?" at all her engagements, and never fails in obtaining an encore. It will be decidedly the popular song of the season. The magnificent voice of Mr. Weiss has now for the first time had a fair opportunity of being appreciated. The vocalization of this rising young singer, has wonderfully improved—his distinct manner of enunciating the words is worthy all praise, and persevering study cannot fail to raise him to the highest rank in his profession. All depends upon himself. Nature has richly endowed him, and art and study must be called in to achieve what nature has laid the seeds of. The new ballet "The Island Nymph," has been repeated nightly with perfect success.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Macready! Macready! Macready! Houses crowded to the ceiling every night! What more would Mr. Maddox have?

HAYMARKET.—The Misses Cushman's engagement expires to-night. We shall allude more fully to the subject in our next. *Ion* has been given three times with success—but *Ion* and *Romeo and Juliet* are very different matters. Her Majesty and Prince Albert visited the Haymarket on Thursday night, when a new farce "Lend me Five Shillings," was produced with success.

Original Correspondence.

THE CLAVIC ATTACHMENT.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Leicester, Feb. 15, 1845.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to Mr. Brooks's letter of the 3rd, I beg to say, that the frets of the guitar were merely used by way of illustration; and his invention was only classed with them, as being a mechanical mode of fixing the intonation—as being incapable of accommodating itself to the various changes of position required for the same notes in different keys—and, (though I believe that was not mentioned,) as being unfavourable to expression, inasmuch as it would completely prevent the gliding of the finger from one note to another, in which there is much beauty. As to the quotation from Dr. Spohr, I can only say, that I do not believe Dr. Spohr's ears would suffer him to play slow passages on the violin according to the equal temperament. Viotti, who is not yet forgotten, is said to have used a number of minute intervals to enable him to play in tune in all keys, and we may very well set him as an authority against Dr. Spohr. I have shown before, that the same note is not always the same sound; for example, F in the key of C, and E in the key of A. It may be said, the equal temperament E is between the two. Very true, it spoils both. The French Conservatoire school for the violin requires a long practice of scales in all keys, and a musical ear will never allow these to be played on the equal system. The equal temperament would also need an alteration in the tuning of the violin, as instead of perfect fifths it must have flat ones; and this would be exceedingly objectionable, especially when double harmonies were wanted. Such an instrument as the pianoforte, which has no power of sustaining sounds, may be tempered, because there

is in it a kind of neutralizing effect exercised by one note over another that prevents its being felt as out of tune. To prove the correctness of this, it is only necessary to tune two notes an octave apart, with the upper one a little too sharp, when it will be found that almost the instant after being struck it begins to sink and become true; but this could not be the case if the force of the vibrations were kept up by a mechanical means, like the bow of a violin. Another argument against the use of this temperament on the violin tribe of instruments is this—The harmonics of the strings are sufficiently excitable to be put in motion whenever notes in unison with them are played; the notes not being precisely in tune will not hinder this, but the vibrations not being coincident will produce that very beautiful effect called the "Wolf;" this is conspicuously the case on the larger instruments. (See Dupont's Essay.) Now upon the equal temperament, only the unisons and octaves to the strings would be in tune, and that only when the fifths were tuned flat; all the rest of the harmonics would produce wolf notes, which would doubtless be very agreeable. One of the papers, speaking of this invention, mentioned the fact, that scarcely two violins stop alike, and asked how attachments were to be manufactured to suit all. The invention may facilitate the playing of bravura music, but in anything slower than a prestissimo, we may be excused declining to have anything to do with it. Let the violin player practise scales, common chords, chords of the seventh, &c., and listen to his own playing; he will then not need a clavic attachment to perfect his intonation.

The ear, the ear's the thing,
For all who wish to play upon the string.
I am, yours truly, C. OLDERSHAW.

Miscellaneous.

MADAME DULCKEN'S SOIREES.—At the third and last, which occurred on Wednesday night, the programme commenced with Haydn's quartet in G minor, Op. 73, admirably executed by M. Sainton, Messrs. Goffrie, Hill and Lucas. One of the chamber duets of Handel, "*Tanti Strali*," was charmingly rendered by the Misses Williams, who are to be praised for introducing so beautiful a specimen of vocal writing from a source too rarely explored. The *Sonate Symphonique* of Mr. Moscheles, performed by Made. Dulcken and the composer, in a style of rare perfection, was a great treat to the connoisseurs who were present. It is a very ingenious and picturesque work, and will add to the fame of its already famous author. As it is to be published on the 1st of March (see our advertisement pages) we shall defer analysis until the *Sonate* is before us, proposing to give it a minute and elaborate notice. In spite of its great length, the attention with which it was heard, and the applause which greeted it, must have satisfied Mr. Moscheles that his composition was understood. Signor F. Lablache sang the "*Madamina*," from *Il Don Giovanni*, in a style perfect both in execution and expression. The *Second Trio* of Mendelssohn, in C minor, recently published by Messrs. Ewer, is a very remarkable work. We dare not pretend to comprehend it in one hearing, and therefore prefer reserving what remarks we may have to make on it for our review, in a future number. Meanwhile we shall doubtless have many opportunities of hearing it, since the majority of our pianists will seize it with avidity with the object of producing it in public. Its difficulties are evidently great—but the energetic and brilliant execution of Made. Dulcken accomplished them with unerring facility. M. Sainton and Mr. Lucas were efficient seconds to the fair pianist. The passionate style of M. Sainton had full opportunity of development in this trio, which overflows with melody and the profoundest sentiment, and the admirable violinist did not let the occasion pass unheeded; he never, in our remembrance, played more finely. The new effort of Mendelssohn gave general pleasure, and was recognised as a *chef d'œuvre* by most of the artists

present: though opinions seemed divided about the relative merits of this *trio*, and the popular one in D minor, No. 1. The *Adagio* and *Rondo*, from Weber's Concerto in E flat, brought the resources of a select orchestra into play. The animation and certainty of Made. Dulcken's style were strikingly manifested in the *Rondo*, a brilliant piece of writing, though not to be classed among the happiest inspirations of Weber. The delicious Cavatina, "Ah! why do we love?" from Macfarren's *Don Quixote*, received its customary ovation in the shape of a loud encore—a compliment not to be denied to so beautiful a melody, and especially when so expressively delivered as by the charming Miss Rainforth. A *Pastoral* by John Field, for Made. Dulcken, and a *Trio* from the *Matrimonio Segreto*, were still to be performed when we left. Mr. Moscheles accompanied the vocal music in his usual style of excellence. The rooms were crowded by rank, wealth, fashion and genius.

JULIEN, with Camille Sivi, and his talented band, have been stirring up the inhabitants of Bristol with musical strains of all kinds, from the Symphony to the Polka.

MR. WILSON, the Scottish vocalist, with Mr. Edward Land, his excellent accompanist, has been giving concerts during the last week at Manchester, Liverpool, and Wigan.

TERPSICHOEAN FAMINE IN PARIS.—Carlotta Grisi has hurt her foot—Sophia Dumilatre has hurt her knee—Adele Dumilatre has just returned from Milan, in the same predicament (they say) as the delicious Carlotta.—Maria, though excellent well in health, is at Drury Lane Theatre.—So that there remains but Mdlle. Plunkett to sustain the honour of the ballet.

SIVORI will be in town next week, to be ready for the rehearsals of the Beethoven Society.

MADAME D'EICHTHAL, the eminent performer on the harp, recently gave a *soirée Musicale*, in the rooms of M. Schott, at Brussels, before an aristocratic audience.

WEIGL.—This popular composer, author of many operas, and other musical works, died at the beginning of the month, in Vienna, aged 81. Weigl was vice-Kapellmeister at the court and Kapellmeister at the court theatre. His opera of the "*Swiss Family*," is the only one known to England.

MADE. CASTELLAN.—The father of Made. Castellan has addressed a letter to Mr. Lumley, informing him that the report of his daughter's death is wholly unfounded, and complaining, with considerable warmth, of the untimely depreciation of the talent of Made. Castellan by the musical writer in the *Morning Chronicle*, at the moment of recording her death.

[TRANSLATION.] Paris, 18th February, 1846.

SIR,—An Article has been inserted in a London Journal entitled "Death of Madame Castellan." This article, after having given detail of Madame Castellan's death, betrays but little respect for the dead, for even whilst announcing my daughter's death, it perfidiously assails her talent.

I therefore address myself to you, sir, to beg you, for my daughter's sake and for your own, to publish a contradiction in the London journals of the sinister reports malice has circulated. My daughter is in good health, and I received the same day this report of her death reached me, a letter from her own hand of the 6th February, announcing her re-appearance at the theatre after a slight indisposition; and the manner in which she was received by the public of St. Petersburg, refutes the attack upon her talent which accompanied the announcement of her death.

I venture, sir, to hope from your kindness that you will contradict the false report which I have pointed out, and which, no doubt, has reached your ears.

Accept, sir, the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

41, Rue des Poissonniers.

(Signed) J. CASTELLAN.

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praise Mr. Field's performance on the organ; for every one knows that before that instrument he is quite "at home." But we cannot refrain from congratulating him on the success of this first concert of the series. That success, was, however, fully deserved; the band and chorus, so essential to a Concert properly so called numbered nearly one hundred performers, and all the arrangements were most liberal, and such as to increase the musical reputation of our city.—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*, February 18.

Dramatic Intelligence.

DRURY LANE.—Macfarren's *Don Quixote* has reached its ninth representation.—Crowded houses every night. The exquisite singing of Allen in this opera has become a town talk. Miss Rainforth is singing "Ah, why do we love?" at all her engagements, and never fails in obtaining an encore. It will be decidedly the popular song of the season. The magnificent voice of Mr. Weiss has now for the first time had a fair opportunity of being appreciated. The vocalization of this rising young singer, has wonderfully improved—his distinct manner of enunciating the words is worthy all praise, and persevering study cannot fail to raise him to the highest rank in his profession. All depends upon himself. Nature has richly endowed him, and art and study must be called in to achieve what nature has laid the seeds of. The new ballet "The Island Nymph," has been repeated nightly with perfect success.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Macready! Macready! Macready! Houses crowded to the ceiling every night! What more would Mr. Maddox have?

HAYMARKET.—The Misses Cushman's engagement expires to-night. We shall allude more fully to the subject in our next. *Ion* has been given three times with success—but *Ion* and *Romeo and Juliet* are very different matters. Her Majesty and Prince Albert visited the Haymarket on Thursday night, when a new farce "Lend me Five Shillings," was produced with success.

Original Correspondence.

THE CLAVIC ATTACHMENT.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Leicester, Feb. 15, 1845.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to Mr. Brooks's letter of the 3rd, I beg to say, that the frets of the guitar were merely used by way of illustration; and his invention was only classed with them, as being a mechanical mode of fixing the intonation—as being incapable of accommodating itself to the various changes of position required for the same notes in different keys—and, (though I believe that was not mentioned,) as being unfavourable to expression, inasmuch as it would completely prevent the gliding of the finger from one note to another, in which there is much beauty. As to the quotation from Dr. Spohr, I can only say, that I do not believe Dr. Spohr's ears would suffer him to play slow passages on the violin according to the equal temperament. Viotti, who is not yet forgotten, is said to have used a number of minute intervals to enable him to play in tune in all keys, and we may very well set him as an authority against Dr. Spohr. I have shown before, that the same note is not always the same sound; for example, F in the key of C, and E in the key of A. It may be said, the equal temperament E is between the two. Very true, it spoils both. The French Conservatoire school for the violin requires a long practice of scales in all keys, and a musical ear will never allow these to be played on the equal system. The equal temperament would also need an alteration in the tuning of the violin, as instead of perfect fifths it must have flat ones; and this would be exceedingly objectionable, especially when double harmonies were wanted. Such an instrument as the pianoforte, which has no power of sustaining sounds, may be tempered, because there

is in it a kind of neutralizing effect exercised by one note over another that prevents its being felt as out of tune. To prove the correctness of this, it is only necessary to tune two notes an octave apart, with the upper one a little too sharp, when it will be found that almost the instant after being struck it begins to sink and become true; but this could not be the case if the force of the vibrations were kept up by a mechanical means, like the bow of a violin. Another argument against the use of this temperament on the violin tribe of instruments is this—The harmonics of the strings are sufficiently excitable to be put in motion whenever notes in unison with them are played; the notes not being precisely in tune will not hinder this, but the vibrations not being coincident will produce that very beautiful effect called the "Wolf;" this is conspicuously the case on the larger instruments. (See Dupont's Essay.) Now upon the equal temperament, only the unisons and octaves to the strings would be in tune, and that only when the fifths were tuned flat; all the rest of the harmonics would produce wolf notes, which would doubtless be very agreeable. One of the papers, speaking of this invention, mentioned the fact, that scarcely two violins stop alike, and asked how attachments were to be manufactured to suit all. The invention may facilitate the playing of bravura music, but in anything slower than a prestissimo, we may be excused declining to have anything to do with it. Let the violin player practise scales, common chords, chords of the seventh, &c., and listen to his own playing; he will then not need a clavic attachment to perfect his intonation.

The ear, the ear's the thing,
For all who wish to play upon the string.

I am, yours truly, C. OLDERSHAW.

Miscellaneous.

MADAME DULCKEN'S SOIREES.—At the third and last, which occurred on Wednesday night, the programme commenced with Haydn's quartet in G minor, Op. 73, admirably executed by M. Sinton, Messrs. Goffrie, Hill and Lucas. One of the chamber duets of Handel, "*Tanti Strali*," was charmingly rendered by the Misses Williams, who are to be praised for introducing so beautiful a specimen of vocal writing from a source too rarely explored. The *Sonate Symphonique* of Mr. Moscheles, performed by Made. Dulcken and the composer, in a style of rare perfection, was a great treat to the connoisseurs who were present. It is a very ingenious and picturesque work, and will add to the fame of its already famous author. As it is to be published on the 1st of March (see our advertisement pages) we shall defer analysis until the *Sonate* is before us, proposing to give it a minute and elaborate notice. In spite of its great length, the attention with which it was heard, and the applause which greeted it, must have satisfied Mr. Moscheles that his composition was understood. Signor F. Lablache sang the "*Madamina*," from *Il Don Giovanni*, in a style perfect both in execution and expression. The *Second Trio* of Mendelssohn, in C minor, recently published by Messrs. Ewer, is a very remarkable work. We dare not pretend to comprehend it in one hearing, and therefore prefer reserving what remarks we may have to make on it for our review, in a future number. Meanwhile we shall doubtless have many opportunities of hearing it, since the majority of our pianists will seize it with avidity with the object of producing it in public. Its difficulties are evidently great—but the energetic and brilliant execution of Made. Dulcken accomplished them with unerring facility. M. Sinton and Mr. Lucas were efficient seconds to the fair pianist. The passionate style of M. Sinton had full opportunity of development in this trio, which overflows with melody and the profoundest sentiment, and the admirable violinist did not let the occasion pass unheeded; he never, in our remembrance, played more finely. The new effort of Mendelssohn gave general pleasure, and was recognised as a *chef d'œuvre* by most of the artists

present: though opinions seemed divided about the relative merits of this *trio*, and the popular one in D minor, No. 1. The *Adagio* and *Rondo*, from Weber's Concerto in E flat, brought the resources of a select orchestra into play. The animation and certainty of Made. Dulcken's style were strikingly manifested in the *Rondo*, a brilliant piece of writing, though not to be classed among the happiest inspirations of Weber. The delicious Cavatina, "Ah! why do we love?" from Macfarren's *Don Quixote*, received its customary ovation in the shape of a loud encore—a compliment not to be denied to so beautiful a melody, and especially when so expressively delivered as by the charming Miss Rainforth. A *Pastoral* by John Field, for Made. Dulcken, and a *Trio* from the *Matri-monio Segreto*, were still to be performed when we left. Mr. Moscheles accompanied the vocal music in his usual style of excellence. The rooms were crowded by rank, wealth, fashion and genius.

JULIEN, with Camille Sivori, and his talented band, have been stirring up the inhabitants of Bristol with musical strains of all kinds, from the Symphony to the Polka.

MR. WILSON, the Scottish vocalist, with Mr. Edward Land, his excellent accompanist, has been giving concerts during the last week at Manchester, Liverpool, and Wigan.

TERPSICHOorean FAMINE IN PARIS.—Carlotta Grisi has hurt her foot—Sophia Dumilatre has hurt her knee—Adele Dumilatre has just returned from Milan, in the same predicament (they say) as the delicious Carlotta.—Maria, though excellent well in health, is at Drury Lane Theatre.—So that there remains but Mdle. Plunkett to sustain the honour of the ballet.

SIVORI will be in town next week, to be ready for the rehearsals of the Beethoven Society.

MADAME D'EICHTHAL, the eminent performer on the harp, recently gave a *soirée Musicale*, in the rooms of M. Schott, at Brussels, before an aristocratic audience.

WEIGL.—This popular composer, author of many operas, and other musical works, died at the beginning of the month, in Vienna, aged 81. Weigl was vice-Kapellmeister at the court, and Kapellmeister at the court theatre. His opera of the "*Swiss Family*," is the only one known to England.

MADE. CASTELLAN.—The father of Made. Castellan has addressed a letter to Mr. Lumley, informing him that the report of his daughter's death is wholly unfounded, and complaining, with considerable warmth, of the untimely depreciation of the talent of Made. Castellan by the musical writer in the *Morning Chronicle*, at the moment of recording her death.

[TRANSLATION.] Paris, 18th February, 1846.

SIR,—An Article has been inserted in a London Journal entitled "Death of Madame Castellan." This article, after having given detail of Madame Castellan's death, betrays but little respect for the dead, for even whilst announcing my daughter's death, it perfidiously assails her talent.

I therefore address myself to you, sir, to beg you, for my daughter's sake and for your own, to publish a contradiction in the London journals of the sinister reports malice has circulated. My daughter is in good health, and I received the same day this report of her death reached me, a letter from her own hand of the 6th February, announcing her re-appearance at the theatre after a slight indisposition; and the manner in which she was received by the public of St. Petersburg, refutes the attack upon her talent which accompanied the announcement of her death.

I venture, sir, to hope from your kindness that you will contradict the false report which I have pointed out, and which, no doubt, has reached your ears.

Accept, sir, the assurance of my distinguished consideration.
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DONIZETTI.—This popular composer, the *Morning Post* informs us, is in almost a hopeless condition. His reason has utterly left him. He has gone to Nice with his medical attendant, laboring under the delusion that he is on his way to Vienna, at which city he was expected on account of a new opera which he had begun for the theatre there. Donizetti had begun no less than four operas—one for Vienna, one for Madrid, one for the Italian Opera at Paris, and one for Drury Lane Theatre. He was so zealously employed upon these that his friends could not prevail on him to seek repose for a few months under the genial sun of Italy. Though his health had long been suffering, his high spirits never left him;—but the mind, so active, at length gave way under the pressure of such unexemplified labor. After a short sojourn at Nice, Donizetti will be conducted to Pisa, where, if unremitting care can be of any avail, there may be some, however slight, hopes of his ultimate recovery.

MR. ELLA, Director of the "Musical Union," has returned from his tour in Germany.

MR. HAWES, the vocal professor—well known as the father of Miss Maria B. Hawes, the popular concert singer, died on Wednesday morning at his residence, in Adelphi Terrace, aged sixty-one. Mr. Hawes superintended the first bringing out of *Der Freischütz* in this country, at the Lyceum Theatre, on the 23rd of July, 1824. He was Almoner and Master of the boys of St. Paul's Cathedral, Gentleman and Master of the boys at the Chapel Royal, where he entered as a chorister in 1793. Miss Maria B. Hawes is the youngest daughter of the deceased.

MRS. FRANCES BRAHAM, wife of the celebrated vocalist, died suddenly, at her residence in Gloucester Road, Bayswater, on Sunday night at half-past twelve o'clock, in the forty-eighth year of her age.

MR. FRENCH FLOWERS has announced a work illustrative of the construction of the Fugue, which will doubtless be eagerly sought after by the admirers of counterpoint.

To Correspondents.

. It is with much regret that we defer our enlarged number till next week—but the postponement is inevitable, and our kind readers must excuse us.

MENDELSSOHN'S CONCERTOS.—We believe the first is published by Messrs. Cramer, Beale and Co.—the second we know not where, or would with pleasure have informed our correspondent—we understand the piano-forte Concertos to be intended.

Advertisements.

MUSIC FOR THE BALL ROOM.

M. JULLIEN

Has the honour to submit to the nobility, gentry, his kind patrons, and the public generally, his titles of a few of the most successful pieces of *Musique de Danse* produced this season at his Concerts and Grand Bal Masqués of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. Quadrilles:—The British Navy, Ernani, the Italian Carnival—Valse a deux tems—The Bridal—The Cambridge House—The Witches of Macbeth—Fleur de Marie—The original Polonaise—The original Napolitaine—The Cricket Polka and the new Redowa Valse, with the description of the figure taught by M. E. Coulon. To be had of Jullien, Musical Establishment, 214, Regent Street, London, and of all respectable Musicians in the kingdom. —N.B. Every copy is stamped with a fac-simile of M. Jullien's autograph.

HENRY RUSSELL, AT MISS KELLY'S THEATRE.

HENRY RUSSELL will give his
VOCAL ENTERTAINMENT

ON MONDAY EVENING NEXT, FEBRUARY THE 23RD,
And every Monday evening until further notice,

When he will have the honour of presenting to the Public his well-known COMPOSITIONS of the Ship on Fire—The Dream of the Reveller—Woodman Spare that Tree—I'm Afloat—The Pauper's Drive—The Ivy Green—The Slave Ship—The Newfoundland Dog—The Maniac—The Old Arm Chair—The Gambler's Wife—Little Fools and Great Ones, and several other of his compositions, interspersed with Anecdotes, illustrative of Negro life and character. Mr. Russell begs to observe to the many persons that were unable to gain admission at his last Concert, that the arrangements upon this occasion will be of a superior order. The Box-office of the Theatre, 73, Dean-street, will be open on Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday next, from Two until Four o'clock, when places may be secured from the Box-sheet. Tickets will be given with numbers corresponding with the seats taken. There will be competent persons stationed at the entrances of the Boxes and Stalls on the evening of the performance, for the purpose of conducting parties to the seats secured. Places of the Theatre can be seen at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., Addison and Holson, Regent-street; Leader and Cocks, and S. Nelson, Bond-street, where tickets and places may likewise be secured. Dress Circles, 3s.; Upper Boxes and Stalls, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Private Boxes, 41. 1s. Doors open at a Quarter-past Seven, the Entertainment to commence at Eight precisely. Kirkman's Fonda Piano will be used. An early application for Tickets is earnestly solicited.

MOSCHELES'
NEW DUET,

SONATE SYMPHONIQUE,

Will be published on the 1st of March. Subscriptions received at Mr. Moscheles', No. 3, Chester Place, Regent's Park, and at the principal Music-sellers. Price to subscribers, 8s.; to non-subscribers, 15s. A new Lithograph Portrait of the Author, by M. Baugnot, will be given to subscribers for the additional price of 3s.

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The Construction of Fugue Illustrated,

IN A PASSACAGLIA AND TWELVE FUGUES,

DEDICATED TO

VINCENT NOVELLO,

BY G. F. FLOWERS, Mus. BAC. OXON.

This publication is intended to indicate to the student in Counterpoint some of the boundless resources which a judicious treatment of Melody and Harmony place at his disposal. With this view, the author has constructed the *Passacaglia* and all the twelve Fugues upon one and the same subject.

To shew the universal applicability of Fugue in every style of Composition, some of the Fugues here presented to the public are in a style hitherto unattempted.

In order to render the work as useful as possible to the student, short notices will be prefixed, to call attention to those processes and results of the art which each piece is designed particularly to illustrate.

Persons desirous of subscribing are requested to send their name and address, either to the Author, 3, Keppel Street, Russell Square; or Messrs. CRAMER, BEALE and Co., 201, Regent Street; or Mr. ALFRED NOVELLO, 69, Dean Street, Soho, and 24, Poultry; and Messrs. EWER and Co., Newgate Street.

KING'S, TRINITY & ST. JOHN'S COLLEGES, CAMBRIDGE.

There is a vacancy in the Choirs of these Colleges for an Alto voice. Salary, £90 per annum. Candidates are requested to send their Testimonials, under cover, addressed either to Mr. PRATT, Organist of King's College, or to Professor WALMSLEY, Organist of Trinity and St. John's Colleges. No one above the age of 30 need apply.

Trin. Col., Feb. 16, 1846.

ORGANIST & MUSIC MASTER WANTED.

The situation of Organist to the Chapel of St. Mary's, attached to the School for the Blind, Liverpool; and also that of Music Master to the School, are now vacant.—Particulars as to duties and salaries may be known on application to Mr. LUCY, the Superintendent of the School, London Road, Liverpool; to whom testimonials as to character and abilities of applicants for the situations, or either of them, must be sent on or before the 1st March next.—The two situations have hitherto been held by the same individual, but they are not necessarily united.

Liverpool, 10th February, 1846.

NEW PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

Souvenirs Dramatiques. Six Characteristic Fantaisies, composed and arranged for the Pianoforte, by Charles Caullien, 1 to 6 3 0
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Beautiful Venice. Rondo Brillante, by Charles Caullien 3 0
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GREAT SUCCESS OF MR. MACFARREN'S NEW OPERA!!

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"Alas! a thousand secret woes," Romance, Mr. Allen,	2	0
"Canst thou forego thy plenteous home?" Duetto, Miss Rainforth and Mr. Allen,	2	6

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NO. 50, NEW BOND STREET.

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